LETTERS

Suppoſed to have paſſed

BETWEEN

M. De St. EVREMOND

AND

Mr. WALLER.

VOLUME II.

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G.R. III. BR. MUS.

Collected and published

By the Editor of the Letters between

Mirandolus and Cleanthis.

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LONDON,

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BETWEEN

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VOL. II.

LETTER I.

WALLER *to* St. EVREMOND.

NO, my *St. Evremond*, it is Time to close the idle Pursuits of Poetry. I am now descending from the little Eminence of Life, and must

ſoon drop into thoſe dark, unfathomed Waters that lie at the Bottom. — The Impreſſions of Fancy are never indulged without Danger. They leave the Mind in a fluctuating and unſettled State. They withdraw its Attention from fixed Principles and Points of View. They confuſe its clear and ſimple Lights, by mingling them with Shadows and fantaſtic Appearances. Are ſuch Circumſtances proper for declining Years? — where all ſhould be ſteady, conſiſtent, and uniform — where we ſhould tread only on the firm Ground of Philoſophy — ſhall we ſtep aſide like Children to gather Flowers? Believe me, *St. Evremond*, to pay a ſerious Court to the

Muſes

Muſes would now be as abſurd, as it would be to addreſs any other Miſtreſs on the ſame Terms. The Attempt would be equally fruitleſs and ridiculous:

The Muſe that caught from *Sidney*'s Eyes her Fire,
In *Sidney*'s Aſhes felt the Flame expire.

Poetical Ground, like every other Soil, becomes barren and unfruitful by too long Exerciſe. There is a Period in Life beyond which Poets, in particular, ought not to think of writing. Fancy is not the Gueſt of Age; and, therefore, old Men rarely ſucceed in Works of that Nature. Thoſe depend principally on Enthuſiaſm; and that

is, almoſt peculiarly, the Growth of young and vigorous Minds. We grow cold to the Love of Nature, after a long Acquaintance with her, and it is that Love to which poetical Enthuſiaſm owes its very Exiſtence. Nor is it eaſy to ſubſtitute any thing of equal Energy in its Place. It is not many Years ſince I attempted ſome Poems on divine Subjects, thinking thoſe moſt ſuited to my Age and Condition. But I cannot boaſt of Succeſs, not even of Satisfaction in thoſe Performances. They may be pleaſing to devout Minds; but there is ſomething wanting. It is the *Vis Ingenii*, the Vigour of Imagination and Expreſſion that has failed. You will conſider

ſider theſe frank Acknowledgments as an unanſwerable Apology for the Silence of what you call *my Muſes*. Yours are of a more elaſtic Kind; and, like the Nymphs of your Country, they will dance till they die.

LETTER II.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

IT was uſual, I think, amongſt the ancient *Hebrews*, when they had paſſed the Period of Sixty, to make a Feaſt for their Friends, and ſing the Songs of *Sion*. There was ſomething truly rational and philoſophical in this chearful Cuſtom. It was the natural Tribute of good Senſe and Gratitude. A People who believed the Mortality of their Exiſtence, could not but look upon the Prolongation of it as an Effect of the divine Benevolence, and every Teſtimony of their

Joy

Joy was, on that Principle, an Act of Religion. — What is the Reaſon, that we have conceived ſuch very different Ideas of the proper Deportment of Age? We have impoſed upon it a Gravity of Manners, and a Severity of Studies. We add to the Weights that Time hangs upon that Period. The lighter Amuſements are deemed improper, and the Indulgence of Fancy muſt be utterly excluded. — I own I am unable to diſcover the Wiſdom, or even the Propriety of this. —— What! becauſe I have the Promiſe but of a few Years before I muſt be locked up in the Grave, is the Work of Death to begin already? Shall it not be left to Nature? Am I to die

through my beſt Parts and Faculties before ſhe gives the Summons? Muſt I now part with my Vivacity, my Fancy? — ſhut up every Source of Amuſement, becauſe they muſt infallibly be taken from me at laſt? Is it the Art of Accommodation I am to learn? Is any Art neceſſary for ſleeping in the Grave? Were it ſo, the Cave of *Trophonius* would, indeed, be a proper School. But if my Sleep will be the ſame, whether I am called from thence, or beckoned from the Circle of the Muſes and the Graces, I cannot entertain a Doubt to which of thoſe Scenes my proper Happineſs ſhould lead me. I have always admired the Death of *Buchanan*. He

was

was willing to go to Reſt with agreeable Ideas, and therefore retained to the laſt the Image of that Object, which, in Life, had given him the greateſt Pleaſure.

Cynthia prima ſuis miſerum me cepit ocellis
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.

With that Couplet of *Propertius* he cloſed the Scene; and, though his Death was more poetical than pious, he certainly was right in his firſt Principle. To what Purpoſe, *Waller*, ſhould we affect a cold and ſombrous Gravity of Temper? Our little Fires will too ſoon be extinguiſhed. Let us ſtir up and brighten the

the dying Embers. We may not ſtrike the Lyre with the Vivacity of Youth, but we may yet call from it ſome ſoothing Notes to divert the Idea of eternal Silence.

LET-

LETTER III.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

IF there ſhould be no greater Impropriety in giving the Faculty of Speech to the Vegetable than to the Animal Creation, many fine Morals, I think, might be drawn from Fables deſigned in that Part of Nature. For my own Part, I am fond of animating every thing around me; and there is hardly a Tree or Flower of any Note in my Garden, which is not, in my Idea, inveſted with ſome peculiar Deſign or Quality; which has not ſome relative Intereſt, Conſequence, or Purſuit. It was under the

the Influence of this Kind of Fancy, that the following little Piece was written; which may not improperly be called *the Lady's Moral.*

The TULIP *and the* MYRTLE.

I.

'TWAS on the Border of a Stream
A gayly-painted Tulip ſtood,
And, gilded by the Morning Beam,
Surveyed her Beauties in the Flood.

II.

And ſure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wiſtful Eye,
Than Crimſon fading into Gold,
In Streaks of faireſt Symmetry.

III.

III.

The beauteous Flower, with Pride elate,
Ah me! that Pride with Beauty dwells!
Vainly affects ſuperior State,
And thus in empty Fancy ſwells.

IV.

" O Luſtre of unrivalled Bloom!
" Fair Painting of a Hand divine!
" Superior far to mortal Doom,
" The Hues of Heaven alone are mine!

V.

" Away, ye worthleſs, formleſs Race!
" Ye Weeds, that boaſt the Name of Flowers!
" No more my native Bed diſgrace,
" Unmeet for Tribes ſo mean as yours!

VI.

VI.

" Shall the bright Daughter of the Sun,
" Aſſociate with the Shrubs of Earth?
" Ye Slaves, your Sovereign's Preſence
ſhun!
" Reſpect her Beauties and her Birth.

VII.

" And Thou, dull, ſullen Ever-green!
" Shalt Thou my ſhining Sphere invade?
" My Noon-day Beauties beam unſeen,
" Obſcured beneath thy duſky Shade!

VIII.

" Deluded Flower!" the Myrtle cries,
" Shall we thy Moment's Bloom adore?
" The meaneſt Shrub that you deſpiſe,
" The meaneſt Flower has Merit more.

IX.

IX.

" That Daisy, in its simple Bloom,
" Shall last along the changing Year;
" Blush on the Snow of Winter's Gloom,
" And bid the smiling Spring appear.

X.

" The Violet, that, those Banks beneath,
Hides from thy Scorn its modest Head,
" Shall fill the Air with fragrant Breath,
" When thou art in thy dusty Bed.

XI.

" Ev'n I who boast no golden Shade,
" Am of no shining Tints possest,
" When low thy lucid Form is laid,
" Shall bloom on many a lovely Breast.

XII.

XII.

" And he, whoſe kind and foſtering Care
" To thee, to me, our Beings gave,
" Shall near his Breaſt my Flowrets wear,
" And walk regardleſs o'er thy Grave.

XIII.

" Deluded Flower! the friendly Screen,
" That hides thee from the Noon-tide Ray,
" And mocks thy Paſſion to be ſeen,
Prolongs thy tranſitory Day.

XIV.

" But kindly Deeds with Scorn repaid,
" No more by Virtue need be done:
" I now withdraw my duſky Shade,
" And yield thee to thy darling Sun.

XV.

XV.

Fierce on the Flower the ſcorching Beam
With all its Weight of Glory fell;
The Flower exulting caught the Gleam,
And lent its Leaves a bolder Swell.

XVI.

Expanded by the ſearching Fire,
The curling Leaves the Breaſt diſclos'd;
The mantling Bloom was painted higher,
And ev'ry latent Charm expos'd.

XVII.

But when the Sun was ſliding low,
And Ev'ning came, with Dews ſo cold;
The wanton Beauty ceas'd to blow,
And ſought her bending Leaves to fold.

XVIII.

Thoſe Leaves, alas, no more would cloſe;
Relaxed, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a Parent's Woes,
And fled before the riſing Gale.

I think there cannot be any great Impropriety in the Indulgence of Poetical Amuſements of this *moral* Nature, even at my far advanced Time of Life. You found ſome Difficulty, notwithſtanding, to bring me over to this Opinion; and I cannot yet think that an old Man can ſpend his Time very properly in what you call the Circle of the Muſes and the Graces. There is one *John Milton*, an old Commonwealth's Man, who hath, in the

the latter Part of his Life, written a Poem intituled *Paradiſe Loſt*; and to ſay the Truth, it is not without ſome Fancy and bold Invention. But I am much better pleaſed with ſome ſmaller Productions of his in the Scenical and Paſtoral Way; one of which, called *Lycidas*, I ſhall herewith ſend you, that you may have ſome Amends for the Trouble of reading this bad Poetry.

LETTER IV.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

I THANK you for your Vegetable Fable, and have long thought as you do, that a very beautiful Collection of moral Poems of the ſame Kind might be drawn from that Part of Nature. The Enthuſiaſm that would be excited by the Scenery in general, and the Pleaſure which might ariſe from the minuter Beauties of Deſcription, would give to Compoſitions of this ſort many evident Advantages. Nature is a much better Moraliſt than *Seneca* or *Epicte-*

tus,

tus, and gives her Leſſons both more agreeably and more effectually.

The Poem called *Lycidas*, which you ſay is written by Mr. *Milton*, has given me much Pleaſure. It has in it what I conceive to be the true Spirit of Paſtoral Poetry, the old *Arcadian* Enthuſiaſm. Your *Engliſh* Poets have been ſtrangely miſtaken, when they have thought it poſſible to accommodate the Genius of this Poetry to the inelegant Simplicity of your Clowns. Your *Spenſer*, in other Reſpects an agreeable Painter of Nature, is, in his Ruſtic Paſtorals, inſupportable. It is not to be denied, however, that *Theocritus* is, in ſome Places,

quite as vile as *Spenſer*, and *Virgil* almoſt as vile as *Theocritus*. But the latter, I think, ſeems to have written beneath the Dignity of Poetry with Reluctance. The Language of his Taſte was always,

• —— Sylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ!

But his Reverence for his Model led him into an Imitation of his Defects.

The great Error ſeems to have ariſen from an Inattention to this Doctrine, that every Species of Poetry is under the Patronage of the Graces. How the *Greeks* ſhould, at any time, forget this, is ſomewhat difficult to account for; as the Muſes and the Graces are with them, very often, ſyno-

ſynonymous Terms, and their Word *Charites* is uſed indifferently for either. Yet it is certain that ſome of their beſt Poets have frequently forgotten in whoſe Temple they were worſhiping.

It is not the moſt unadorned Simplicity that is improper in any Species of Paſtoral Compoſition; for Simplicity is the Ground of every thing that is graceful. It is the Introduction of Objects or Ideas that are in themſelves low and inelegant, which ſpoils the Beauty of Paſtoral Imagery. Taſte is always attended with a peculiar Delicacy, and will be

diſguſted with every Work of Art, where that is wanting.

But if your *Spenſer* is too groſs, your *Dryden* is too trim, and too full of low Conceits in his Paſtoral Scenery. Nothing can be a ſtronger Proof of this than the following Couplet,

For thee, gay Month, the Groves Green
Liveries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the Year.

It is hardly poſſible to conceive any thing more contemptible than the Idea of dreſſing the Woods in Livery; yet I doubt not that this Couplet has had its Admirers. Sure I

am,

am, that *Malherbe* has been praiſed for a thouſand Verſes as vile.

Shall we praiſe the *Italian* Paſtoral? How is it poſſible? Even the celebrated Paſtoral Comedy of *Guarini* is, with all the Profuſion of Genius, a moſt abſurd Performance. He is right in the Locality of his Piece; but his great Misfortune is, that Love is not a local thing. Neither is it romantic; though, by ſetting the Ideas afloat, it ſometimes gives People a Turn to what we call the Romantic. Neither will it bear to be bound up in Allegory. We hate the very Idea of Demi-Gods and Satyrs. Unleſs we held the Religion

that

that bred them, it would be impoſſible to conſider them otherwiſe than in a farcical Light. In the Buſineſs of Love, therefore, they will not go down, becauſe Love is a ſerious thing.

What pleaſes me in *John Milton*'s Poem, beſide the true Paſtoral Enthuſiaſm and the Scenical Merit, is the various and eaſy Flow of its Numbers. Thoſe Meaſures are well adapted to the tender kind of Imagery, though they are not expreſſive of the firſt ſtrong Impreſſions of Grief.

A little Poem of this Kind was lately put into my Hands, which, as it has not been printed, I will tranſcribe for you.

A MO-

A MONODY

Inſcribed to my worthy Friend J. S. *being written in his Garden at* Amwell, *in* Hertfordſhire, *the Beginning of the Year* 1669.

I.

FRIEND of my Genius! on whoſe natal Hour,
Shone the ſame Star, but ſhone with brighter Ray;
Oft as amidſt thy *Amwell's* Shades I ſtray,
And mark thy true Taſte in each winding Bower,
From my full Eye why falls the tender Shower?
While other Thoughts than theſe fair Scenes convey,
Bear on my trembling Mind, and melt its Powers away.

II.

II.

Ah me! my Friend! in happier Hours I
ſpread
Like thee, the wild Walk o'er the varied
Plain;
The faireſt Tribes of *Flora*'s painted
Train,
Each bolder Shrub that grac'd her genial
Bed,
When old *Sylvanus*, by young Wiſhes led,
Stole to her Arms, of ſuch fair Offspring
vain,
That bore their Mother's Beauties on
their Head.

III.

Like thee, inſpired by Love—'twas *Delia*'s
Charms,
'Twas *Delia*'s Taſte the new Creation
gave:
For her my Groves in plaintive Sighs
would wave,
And call her abſent to their Maſter's Arms.

IV.

IV.

She comes—Ye Flowers your faireſt
Blooms unfold!
Ye waving Groves, your plaintive Sighs
forbear!
Breathe all your Fragrance to the amo-
rous Air,
Ye ſmiling Shrubs whoſe Heads are
cloath'd with Gold!

V.

She comes, by Truth, by fair Affection
led,
The long-lov'd Miſtreſs of my faithful
Heart!
The Miſtreſs of my Soul, no more to
part,
And all my Hopes, and all my Vows are
ſped.
Vain, vain Deluſions! Dreams for ever
fled!

Ere

Ere twice the Spring had waked the genial Hour,
The lovely Parent bore one beauteous Flower,
And drooped her gentle Head,
And ſunk, for ever ſunk, into her ſilent Bed.

VI.

Friend of my Genius! Partner of my Fate!
To equal Senſe of painful Suffering born!
From whoſe fond Breaſt a lovely Parent torn,
Bedewed thy pale Cheek with a Tear ſo late;—
Oh! let us mindful of the ſhort, ſhort Date,
That bears the Spoil of human Hopes away,
Indulge ſweet Memory of each happier Day!

No!

No! cloſe, for ever cloſe the Iron-Gate
Of cold Oblivion on that dreary Cell,
Where the pale Shades of paſt Enjoyments dwell,
And, pointing to their bleeding Boſoms ſay,
On Life's diſaſtrous Hour what varied Woes await!

VII.

Let Scenes of ſofter, gentler Kind
Awake to Fancy's ſoothing Call,
And milder on the penſive Mind,
The ſhadowed Thought of Grief ſhall fall.
Oft as the ſlowly-cloſing Day
Draws her pale Mantle from the Dew-ſtar's Eye,
What Time, the Shepherd's Cry
Leads from the paſtured Hills his Flocks away,
Attentive to the tender Lay

That

That ſteals from *Philomela*'s Breaſt,
Let us in muſing Silence ſtray,
Where LEE beholds in Mazes flow
His uncomplaining Waters flow,
And all his whiſpering Shores invite the
Charm of Reſt.

I

LETTER V.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

I WAS much pleaſed with a Converſation, which I overheard a few Days ago, between the King and an honeſt *Worceſterſhire* Baronet, who was lately elected for a Borough in that County. The good-natured Man came up to take his Seat among us, and, as he lived in the Neighbourhood of the Royal Oak, he ſuppoſed that he could not pay a better Compliment to his Majeſty than by bringing him a Branch of his old Aſylum. Who is that Antique (ſaid the King,) with a withered Branch in his Hand?

— It is Sir *Thomas* ****, Member for ****.

The KING.

Sir *Thomas*, I am glad to ſee you: I hope you can give a good Account of our Friends in *Worceſterſhire*.

Sir THOMAS ****.

I wiſh I could, pleaſe your Majeſty; but there is a Blackſmith's Wife —

The KING.

No matter for her — I enquired only after the Health of your Family.

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

Thank God! in good Health — But this Woman, pleaſe your Majeſty —

The KING.

What of her?

Sir THOMAS.

— Has ſworn a Child to your Majeſty.

The KING.

I am glad of it — I do remember that I met a Woman, when I went a Wood-cutting with Farmer *Penderell*.

Sir THOMAS.

A roſy Complexion, pleaſe your Majeſty!

The KING.

No Matter! What is become of the Woman, and her Child?—

Sir THOMAS.

She is very well taken Care of, pleaſe your Majeſty! The Churchwardens are my Tenants, and I ordered them to allow her an upper Sheet.

The KING.

Fye! Fye!

Sir THOMAS.

Pleaſe your Majeſty, I was near loſing my Election by it. Some of that Pariſh were Free Men, and they ſaid that I, as a Magiſtrate, ought to have

have ſent a Warrant to your Majeſty, to give a Bond to the Pariſh, or to pay Ten Pounds.

The KING.

Why did you not do your Duty?

Sir THOMAS.

Becauſe, pleaſe your Majeſty, I thought it my Duty not to do it. Your Majeſty has been at a great Expence of late.

The KING.

True; very true, Sir *Thomas!* What is that Branch in your Hand? Some Token, I ſuppoſe, by which you hold your Lands —

Sir THOMAS.

No; 'tis something by which your Majesty holds your Lands — 'Tis a Branch of that blessed Oak which preserved your Majesty's precious Life.

The KING.

This is a wooden Compliment; but it is honest, and I thank you for it — You have Wit, Sir *Thomas*; why do not we see you oftener at Court?

Sir THOMAS.

I can do your Majesty much more Service in the Country, by keeping up a Spirit of Loyalty and Good Will towards you amongst my Neighbours.

The

The KING.

And how do you manage that Point?

Sir THOMAS.

I give them Beef, and bid 'em fall to without the long Grace of the Roundheads. Then I give 'em ſtrong Beer, and they cry God bleſs your Majeſty.

The KING.

If that is the Toaſt, Sir *Thomas*, you are the King; and, in Truth, I think you govern with profound Policy. Could I adopt the ſame Meaſures, I ſhould have much leſs Trouble; but there is no finding Beef e-

nough for that hungry Circle which you ſee there.

Sir THOMAS.

God bleſs your Majeſty! I have Ten fat Oxen in *Worceſterſhire*, and Nine of them are heartily at your Majeſty's Service.

* * * * * * * * *

This bountiful Offer of the honeſt Baronet's made the King laugh ſo violently, that it put an End to the Converſation. His Majeſty told us, with great Good Humour, what we had to expect, and added, that he hoped every Member of the Houſe would be as ready to give as Sir *Thomas* * * * *, that he might be able to find

find Wine for the Feaſt. — This is a Meaſure which I will promote with all my Power; for the King's Neceſſities are truly deplorable. Conſidering his extreme Poverty, his Good Humour is aſtoniſhing. I believe there never was a Prince at the ſame Time ſo pleaſant and ſo poor.

* * * * * * *

LET-

LETTER VI.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

O VALES of *Penſhurſt*, now ſo long unſeen!
Forgot each ſecret Shade, each winding Green;
Thoſe lonely Paths what Art have I to tread,
Where once young Love, the blind Enthuſiaſt, led?
Yet if the Genius of your conſcious Groves
His *Sidney* in my *Sacharissa* loves;
Let him with Pride her cruel Power unfold;
By him my Pains let *Evremond* be told.

The

The LOVES *of* THYRSIS *and* SACHARISSA.

Related by the GENIUS *of* Penſhurſt.

WHATE'ER hath met mine Ear of Tale or Song,
Since he of *Arcady* firſt ſtole the Reed
Of *Hermes*, and made every Shepherd ſcorn
His Evening Slumbers, heedleſs have I heard,
Yet Pity for the gentle *Thyrſis* drew
Me frequent from the moſſy Breaſt of Sleep;
And when beneath the cold Moon's ſhadowy Light,
Like that fond Bird which courteth Silence beſt,
He thus complained harmonious, I have ſighed,
And felt his Sorrow through my Depth of Shades.

THYR-

THYRSIS *at* Penſhurſt.

WHILE in the Park I ſing, the liſtening Deer
Attend my Paſſion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my Flame,
They bow their Heads as if they felt the ſame:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bowers
With loud Complaints, they anſwer me in Showers.
To thee a wild, and cruel Soul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and proudet than the Heaven.
Love's Foe profeſt, why doſt thou falſely feign
Thy ſelf a *Sidney?* from which noble Strain
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the Name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,

That

That all we can of Love, or high Deſire,
Seems but the Smoke of amorous *Sidney*'s Fire.

Nor call her Mother, who ſo well does prove,
One Breaſt may hold both Chaſtity and Love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be ſuppoſed to bring
One ſo deſtructive; to no human Stock
We owe this fierce Unkindneſs, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produced thee, by whoſe Side
Nature to recompence the fatal Pride
Of ſuch ſtern Beauty, placed thoſe healing Springs,
Which not more Help than that Deſtruction brings.

Thy

Thy Heart no rudeer than the rugged Stone,
I might, like *Orpheus*, with my numerous Moan
Melt to Compaſſion now my traiterous Song
With thee conſpires to do the Singer wrong.
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The Memory of what augments my Woes:
But with my own Breath ſtill foment the Fire
Which flames as high as Fancy can aſpire.

This laſt Complaint th' indulgent Ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo*, Preſident of Verſe:
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing;

Thus

Thus he adviſed me; On yon aged Tree
Hang up thy Lute, and hie thee to the Sea,
That there with Wonders thy diverted Mind
Some Truce at leaſt may with this Paſſion find.

Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble Swain,
Flies for Relief, unto the raging Main;
And from the Winds and Tempeſts does expect
A milder Fate than from her cold Neglect:
Yet there he'll pray that the Unkind may prove
Bleſt in her Choice, and vows this endleſs Love
Springs from no Hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe Gifts which Heaven has heaped on her.

Thus

Thus ſung he plaintive, and full ſore I grieved
That the fair Miſtreſs of theſe flowery Plains,
Where Love and Nature triumphed, Foe to Love,
Tho' born of *Sidney*'s Race, in ſuch high Scorn
Should hold his gentle Prayer; yet Shepherd ceaſe
Theſe vain Complaints of Cruelty, I cried,
And Threats of raſh Deſpair: Theſe only feed
The Female Pride; they ſoften not their Hearts.
Would you ſucceed, let ſoothing Blandiſhments
Of careleſs Praiſe, as from a Mind at Eaſe,
That calls for no Reward, invade their Ear.
Eager they drink the golden Draught that flows

From

From this unnoted Source, and yield that Love,
That rich Reward, which, first ſollicited,
Were harder to be won; for Flattery fails not,
Save when her thin Veil ſhews the hated Form
Of ſelfiſh Hope behind. Obedient thus
The Swain reſumed his Song.

THYRSIS *at* Penſhurſt.

HAD *Sacharissa* lived when Mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this ſacred Shade
Had held an Altar to her Power that gave
The Peace and Glory which theſe Alleys have.
Embroidered ſo with Flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a Garden of a Wood:

Her Preſence has ſuch more than human Grace
That it can civilize the rudeſt Place;
And Beauty too and Order can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor Art.
The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No leſs than thoſe of old did *Orpheus*'s Lyre.
If ſhe ſit down, with Tops all towards her bowed,
They round about her into Arbours crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even Ranks they ſtand
Like ſome well marſhalled, and obſequious Band.
Amphion ſo made Stones and Timber leap
Into fair Figures from a confuſed Heap:
And in her Symmetry of Parts is found
A Power, like that of Harmony in Sound.

Ye

Ye lofty Beeches tell this matchleſs Dame
That if together ye fed all one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth Part
Of what her Eyes have kindled in my Heart.
Go, Boy, and carve this Paſſion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which ſtands the ſacred Mark
Of noble *Sidney*'s Birth, when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal-making Stars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The Monument and Pledge of humble Love:
His humble Love, whoſe Hope ſhall ne'er riſe higher
Than for a Pardon that he dares admire.

— — —

And did no Smile, good *Thyrſis*, no kind Look
On theſe ſoft Numbers fall?—O yes, more precious
Than all the Treaſures that the *Lydian* Wave
Sweeps from his Sands of Gold; but, coldly pleaſed,
Theſe Strains of Art and Fancy, ſhe replied,
Fantaſtic Minds amuſe: They love the Errors
That live in Poets' Creeds, their vain Divinities,
And idle Adorations; ſtrange to me,
Who love no Language but of Truth and Nature!
Yet, gentle *Thyrſis*, other Hopes are thine.
This haughty Fair the Love of Power may charm,

And

And yield her to thy Wiſh; ſome other Miſtreſs,
Some Object of a former Flame muſt bleed
A Victim on her Altar — She muſt know
Muſt ſee the Sacrifice, thyſelf unſeen,
Unconſcious that ſhe finds the flattering Bait.
Haſte then, and leave it in theſe lonely Walks,
Where oft ſhe wanders, when the Star of Eve
Lights up the Hour of Love.

THYRSIS *to* AMORET.

FAIR, that you may truly know
What you unto *Thyrſis* owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy ſalutes me when I ſet
My bleſt Eyes on *Amoret*:
But with Wonder I am ſtruck,
When I on the other look,

If ſweet *Amoret* complains,
I have Senſe of all her Pains;
But for *Sachariſſa* I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myſelf is mine;
Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;
Sachariſſa's Captive fain
Would untie his Iron Chain;
And thoſe ſcorching Beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle Shadow run.

If the Soul had free Election
To diſpoſe of her Affection,

I would

I would not thus long have borne
Haughty *Sachariſſa*'s Scorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome Power Above,
Which controuls our Will in Love.

If not Love, a ſtrong Deſire
To create and ſpread that Fire,
In my Breaſt ſollicits me,
Beauteous *Amoret*, for Thee.

'Tis Amazement more than Love,
Which her radiant Eyes do move:
If leſs Splendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazzled Sight
To behold their milder Light.

But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high Flame as to enjoy:
Which how eaſily I may do,
Heaven, as eaſily ſcaled, does know.

Amoret, as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious Food,
Which, but taſted, does impart
Life and Gladneſs to the Heart,

Sachariſſa's Beauty's Wine
Which to Madneſs doth inclline;
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is mortal, can ſuſtain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuſe
The Devotion, which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend,
So that if it could take End;
'Twould to Heaven itſelf be due
To ſucceed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;

Which,

Which, though not ſo fierce a Flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.

Then ſmile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is ſhorter-lived than Love.

BENEATH the ſacred Shade of that fair Tree,
From *Sidney*'s Birth that marks the Flight of Time,
Thus framed the Bard his eaſy artful Lay,
And left, as heedleſs, there. From waſting Dews
The Doves of *Venus* with their ſheltering Wings
The ſoft Impreſſions ſaved; till the fair Star,
That lights the Hour of Love, and lonely muſing,
Led *Sacharissa* on her wonted Way

To *Sidney's* ſacred Tree—She ſaw, ſhe read;
And twice ſhe felt the ſoothing Charm of Power,
And twice the Senſe of Conqueſt on her Cheek
Sate in an Orient Bluſh. Even Jealouſy
She ſeemed to feel, when in his cloſing Strain
Her Captive feigned to fly—Ah, Shepherd, then,
For Thee what Triumph! —Triumph—ſhort and vain!
'Tis Art, ſhe cried; O Inſolence of Art,
And ſmooth Deſign, to catch the wareleſs Ear
Of unſuſpecting Virgins! ſoothing Strains,
Inſidious Flattery, hence! From her fair Hand
The folded Paper fell—yet, parting Sighs
Swelled her fair Boſom, and with Voice more ſoft

Than Echo's, when ſhe caught the dying Plaint
Of young *Narciſſus*, parting, ſhe reſumed—
But for *Sacharissa* I
Do not only grieve, but die.

From the deep Covert of a lonely Shade,
Where rambling wild Vines bound the Oſier Spray,
Th' impatient Lover ſprung—Ah, deſperate Youth!
Sure Ruin follows that raſh Deed—Unmarked
By Thee, the ſweet Infection ſhould have ſtolen
Through her unconſcious Heart—awaked, alarmed,
The Magic works no more: With ſwifter Steps
Not *Daphne* fled from thy miſtaken Maſter,
Like thee precipitately loſt—Yet ſtill

One

One Hope remains: Defend her injured Fame:
The Love of Power, the Love of Pleasure yields
To that prevailing Honesty of Pride
Which spurns at Envy's Falshood——

On the Misreport of SACHARISSA's *being painted.*

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the Night
With their wild Howlings at fair *Cynthia's* Light,
The Noise may chase sweet Slumber from our Eyes,
But never reach the Mistress of the Skies:
So with the News of *Sacharissa's* Wrongs,
Her Servants vexed blame those envious Tongues;

Call

Call Love to Witneſs, that no painted Fire
Can ſcorch Men ſo, or kindle ſuch Deſire:
While unconcerned, ſhe ſeems moved no more,
With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
But from the Height of her great Mind looks down
On both our Paſſions, without Smile or Frown:
So little Care of what is done Below
Hath the bright Dame whom Heaven affecteth ſo.
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame Hand which ſpreads
Like glorious Colours o'er the flowery Meads
When laviſh Nature with her beſt Attire
Clothes the gay Spring, the Seaſon of Deſire.

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn
With the same Art, wherewith she paints the Morn:
With the same Art wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted Clouds that form *Trumantia's* Bow.

Desunt cætera * * * * *.

LET-

LETTER VII.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

THE Statue of the *Cretan Jupiter* was without Ears; and the Reaſon one of the ancient Mythologiſts gives for it is, that the Governor of the Univerſe, whoſe Care is over the Whole, ſhould not be ſuppoſed to be particularly attentive to any Individual. Had that Mythologiſt lived in theſe Times, and heard the Prayers of our Bigots, our Enthuſiaſts, and Fanatics, he might have aſſigned a much better Reaſon for *Jupiter*'s Deafneſs. The Father of Gods and Men, might he have ſaid,

was

was ſo harraſſed by the latter with vain, ſelfiſh, impudent, abaſing, and abſurd Addreſſes, that he ordered *Mercury* to convey to them his Image without Ears; thereby ſignifying how little they had to hope from their impertinent Petitions.

It is obſervable that God is never ſo much blaſphemed as when Men are moſt religious. It is then that they ſo liberally inveſt him with their peculiar Follies, Paſſions, and Prejudices. The Creator of the Univerſe muſt be of a Party, a Sect, or Faction. He muſt be particularly their God, or he is no God. His Attributes and Qualities muſt be ſuch as are moſt likely

ſikely to ſerve their proper Purpoſes: If their Way be through Heaps of Slain, he muſt go before them. The Blood of his Creatures muſt be ſhed for his Glory; and he who has declared that his Delight is in Mercy more than Sacrifice, is not allowed to be ſerved or gratified in his own Way. The *Scots* Fanatics, after the Loſs of a Battle, gave him a very warm Reception. They remonſtrated with great Spirit againſt his Conduct towards the Saints, and intimated, that whatever Right he might have to their Allegiance as the Lord, he was but a poor Politician, and had very little Idea of his own Intereſt. "For our Parts, (ſaid they,)

it is but a ſmall thing for us to loſe our Lands and Inheritance; but for the Lord's Flock to be leſſened, his Glory ſet at nought, and his People trodden under Foot; this ſhews a ſtrange Negligence ſomewhere."

Prayers and Addreſſes conceived in ſuch a Spirit as this, ſurely approach very near Blaſphemy; but it is true in religious as well as in ſocial Life, that too much Familiarity begets Contempt. The Lord muſt not look for very much Reſpect from thoſe with whom he vouchſafes to be ſo intimate.

The

The Marquis of *Halifax* uſed to ſay, that the common People would not believe in God at all, unleſs they were permitted to believe wrong in him. I doubt not the Truth of his Obſervation; but I am of Opinion, that there are ſome Modes of Faith worſe than Infidelity, and that Fanaticiſm is a more dangerous thing than Irreligion.

LETTER VIII.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

THE Ducheſs of *R*——, whom you once pleaſed ſo much by telling her that ſhe was deſcended from *Leda*, has lately given us a Proof that you miſtook her Anceſtry, and that ſhe is more nearly allied to *Medea*. While ſhe amuſed herſelf with harmleſs Extravagancies, with Dreams of Knight-Errantry and heroic Love, her Follies were entertaining. Nothing more pleaſant than to find her by Moonlight repoſing under an Oak near the old Caſtle, with a flaming Creſcent on her Head, in the Cha-

Character of *Dian*; while my poor Lord Duke, under the Burthen of his Infirmities, was condemned to hobble up to her, and perſonate *Endymion*. Theſe are things which, as the Poet ſays, *Jove* laughs at. One of her late Adventures was of a more ſerious Caſt.

A certain itinerant Philoſopher, a profound Adept in the occult Sciences, recommended to her the Merit of his Art, and found no great Difficulty in perſuading her, that it was in his Power to reſtore her to Youth and Beauty. The Proceſs he recommended was ſomewhat different from the Operation that *Æſon* was ſuppoſed

to undergo. A fat, well-grown, well-looking young Fellow was to be found out for the Purpoſe, drawn, quartered, and diſtilled, into the Quinteſſence of Juvenility. A Son of one of her Grace's Tenants was pitched upon as a proper Subject, but the Philoſopher deeming him not quite fat enough, he was put up for a ſhort Time to feed. The richeſt Food of every Kind was procured for him, and he was confined to an Apartment juſt large enough to contain his Bed, that he might not impair his Corpulence by Exerciſe. The poor Man's Curioſity was naturally excited by ſuch extraordinary Inſtances of her

Grace's

Grace's Goodneſs, and one Day ſeeing the Duke's Fool before his Window, he aſked him the Meaning of it. "Do not you ſee that Turkey in the "Coop? (ſaid the Fool;) you are "kept here for the ſame Purpoſe. "The Ducheſs is ſick of Fiſh and "Butchers Meat, and ſhe intends to "eat you." This Information had ſuch an Effect upon the intended Victim, that he preſently pined away, and the Philoſopher, thinking him an improper Subject, he was diſmiſſed. Another was ſoon fixed upon, but the King being informed of the Matter, and fearing the Conſequence of her Grace's Abſurdity, commanded

her to give up her Chemiſtry, and her Philoſopher to be hanged.

This ridiculous Affair has led me into many ſerious Reflections on the Errors of the Mind. 'Tis obvious from this, as well as a thouſand other Inſtances, how much every Species of Enthuſiaſm deſtroys the Power of moral Reaſon. From that Source ſprung all this poor Woman's Abſurdities. Her Paſſion for the high Romance abſorbed every other Principle. The Senſe of Juſtice, Honour, Truth, and Decency was totally overborne. So it is in Religious, ſo it is in Political Syſtems: Let us once become Enthuſiaſts;

siasts; there is nothing so wicked we will not do for Religion, nothing so impolitic we will not attempt for our Country.

LETTER IX.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

I NEVER think of the glorious Fate of ancient Genius, without a Sigh that riſes from the moſt ſenſible Part of my Soul. You have an Expreſſion in your Language, *Je meurs d'Envie*, which is deſcriptive of what I feel. To be carried down the Current of Time, my *St. Evremond*, undeſtroyed by the Wrecks of Two Thouſand Years! To have our beſt Productions, the Productions of the Mind, confirm and maintain their Exiſtence in the Souls of ſurviving Ages, when our Aſhes have been

been ſo long the Sport of Winds, that even the Winds cannot find them! Heavens! what Glory is in the Hope! My Soul is on Fire at the Proſpect! The Spirit of this Ambition is irreſiſtible! It is Inchantment! It is Magic!

But oh! my Friend, it is Deluſion; it is Vanity! The fugitive State of modern Language forebodes Deſtruction to every thing that is conveyed in it. Your Wit, your Elegance of Thought, your Vivacity of Imagination will ſhare the ſame Fate with my trifling Strains, and be involved in the impenetrable Maſs of obſolete Expreſſion.

Your

Your Language ſeems, indeed, to be ſomewhat nearer a Period of Perfection than that in which I am obliged to write. You begun more early to refine, and Phraſeological Criticiſm was more cultivated in your Country. Yet the Time, I apprehend, is at no great Diſtance, when our harſher and heavier Periods will loſe the Stiffneſs and Formality of their March, and acquire an Air of Grace and Delicacy, without being impaired in their Strength. Whenever that Æra ſhall arrive, the *Engliſh* Language will be in a State of comparative Excellence, beyond which it will be hazardous for it to go. For, ſhould it once depart from its

its characteriſtic Simplicity, and affect a pompous and inflated Diction, that will prove a certain Symptom of its Decay.

It is to be feared that our Language will have the ſame Fate which that of *Rome* had formerly. Men of vain Minds and weak Judgments will think it a Merit at leaſt to be ſingular. For this Purpoſe they will depart from Nature, and, inſtead of purſuing her plain and eaſy Walks, will ride like *Sancho* and his unfortunate Maſter through Sulphur, Smoke, and Clouds.

The

The Genius of your Language ſets this Danger at a greater Diſtance from you; but when ill-judging Writers riſe up amongſt us, I am afraid that it will be the Fate of the *Engliſh* Tongue to periſh, like *Samſon*, by a fatal Exertion of its own Strength.

LET-

LETTER X.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

WHEN the Prince of *Condé* was in Priſon, the Princeſs headed his Party in *Normandy*; and as that great General amuſed himſelf in a little Garden adjoining to his Apartments, he uſed to ſay pleaſantly, that whilſt he was watering Pinks, his Wife was making War. My Occupations, ſince I quitted thoſe of the Field, have, I think, been of much the ſame Conſequence, and have anſwered much the ſame Purpoſe. When I had done with making War, I betook myſelf to making Songs, and making

making Love. When they would no longer let me fight in *France*, I ſate down to write Verſes in *England*, and took up the *belle* Paſſion for the ſole End of inſpiriting and embelliſhing my Poetry.

At firſt I looked upon my Exile as the worſt of Evils; but for theſe many Years paſt I have been in Doubt whether, on the whole, my Life has been a Loſer by it or not. If the Purſuits of Wealth, of Court Diſtinctions, and military Glory have nothing more important in them than thoſe of Poetry and Love, I have even profited by the Exchange. For the Labours, the Anxieties and Difficulties

ficulties neceſſarily attending the former darken many an Hour that might otherwiſe have paſſed, if not in Pleaſure, at leaſt in Tranquillity.

If the Delight I have experienced in the Cultivation of a ſucceſsful Amour has not been equal to that of a General after Victory, neither was it attended with thoſe painful Reflections, which the very Means and Circumſtances of Conqueſt, muſt give to a Mind that has the leaſt Senſibility. For my own Part, when I bore Arms, though I never went into the Field of Battle without Pleaſure, I never quitted it without Tears. A ſtrange, ferocious kind of Joy that

muſt be, which ariſes from beholding the Bodies of the Brave, either in Death, or in Chains. The glorious Man I have juſt mentioned uſed to ſuffer the greateſt Diſtreſs, when he ſaw a gallant Enemy mortally wounded. My Victories, he would ſay, give me more Pain than the ſevereſt Duties of Command.

From theſe, and many other Inconveniencies, I was ſet free, when I was no longer retained in the military Service of *France*. The Abuſe and Ingratitude that FORTUNE meets with in the World are utterly indefenſible. How often have I accuſed her of Severity, in Inſtances where ſhe

ſhe was moſt effectually ſerving me! In the Protection and Beneficence of a Monarch, I have, in this happy Country, long enjoyed both Security and Support. When deprived of every Poſt of Profit and Honour in my own Nation, the Tranſition was only from a Life of Labour and Service, to a State of Eaſe and Freedom; where my Hours were my own, and I was left to the Purſuit of ſuch Objects as might amuſe me moſt. I found in the refined Philoſophy of Taſte and the *Belles Lettres*, in the Cultivation of Wit and Gallantry, in the Religion of Love and Beauty, and in the Converſation and Favour of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Perſons of the Age,

Materials of Happineſs ſufficient for the whole Circle of Time.

Yet in the Language and Memory of thoſe few Friends I have in *France*, I am ſtill *pauvre St. Evremond! comment malheureux!* You will be happy when I aſſure you, that, whatever I might once have wiſhed, there is not one of theſe compaſſionate Perſons with whom I would change my Station.

LET-

LETTER XI.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

THERE is a Paſſage in *Ariſtotle* concerning the Iſland of *Sicily*, which I never recollect without the greateſt Pleaſure. It is obſervable, ſays the Philoſopher, that the Earth and Air of this Country are ſo impregnated with the Odour of its Flowers, that the Dogs have no Power to trace the Scent in hunting. Enter into the Heathen Theology, and this gives you quite a new and moſt amiable Idea of the Queen of Flowers. Suppoſing her to be one of the tutelary Deities of the Iſland, ſhe is thus

concerned for the Preſervation and Security of the innocent Animals that inhabit it.

I never had any enthuſiaſtic Enjoyment ſo great as this, and many other Circumſtances attending this once celebrated Country, inſpired me with. When I was upon the Continent, my Curioſity naturally led me to viſit a Place which had been the Repoſitory of Arts and Arms, the Grainary of the World, the Prize of contending Empires, the Seat of the Muſes, but particularly the Birth-place of Paſtoral Poetry.

Of

Of theſe fair Scenes what Monuments remain!
A burning Mountain, and a barren Plain!

Yet there are ſome few Parts of the Iſland that ſtill bear the Marks of its ancient Fertility and Beauty; particularly that Part which anſwers to the beautiful Deſcription of *Theocritus*, where an extenſive Lawn of Paſturage ſtretches from the Mountains to the Sea. I imagined that I had found the very Rock, under the Shadow of which his Shepherd is repreſented ſitting with his Shepherdeſs in his Arms, and looking with Complacency on his Flocks, as they fed towards the Sea.

Enchanted with the Idea, I was carried headlong into Verſe, and carved upon a neighbouring Beech ſomething like the Stanzas that follow:

SWEET Land of Muſes! o'er whoſe favoured Plains
Ceres and *Flora* held alternate Sway;
By *Jove* refreſhed with Life-diffuſing Rains,
By *Phœbus* bleſt with every kinder Ray!

O with what Pride do I thoſe Times ſurvey,
When Freedom, by her ruſtic Minſtrels led,
Danced on the Green Lawn many a Summer's Day,
While Paſtoral Eaſe reclined her careleſs Head,

In

In these soft Shades; ere yet that Shepherd fled,
Whose Music pierced Earth, Air, and Heaven and Hell,
And called the ruthless Tyrant of the Dead
From the dark Slumbers of his Iron Cell.

His Ear unfolding caught the Magic Spell:
He felt the Sounds glide softly through his Heart;
The Sounds that deigned of Love's sweet Power to tell;
And as they told, would point his Golden Dart.

Fixed was the God; nor Power had he to part,
For the fair Daughter of the Sheaf-crowned Queen,

Fair

Fair without Pride, and lovely without Art,
Gathered her wild Flowers on the daisied Green.

He saw; he sighed; and that unmelting Breast,
Which arms the Hand of Death, the Power of Love confessed.

LET-

LETTER XII.

St. Evremond *to* Waller.

*THE Letter I wrote to poor *Mazarin*, to diſſuade her from entering on the Conventual Life, has not yet been in any other Hands. That, and the Stanzas on the ſame Subject, I have reſerved amongſt thoſe private Pledges of Tenderneſs and Friendſhip which the Memory of a

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* This Letter, and the Stanzas that follow it, are the only Pieces in this Collection that have appeared before. Mr. *Waller*'s Tranſlation has never been printed; and the Originals do ſo much Honour to *St. Evremond*, that the Editor thought he ſhould conſult both his Reputation, and the Entertainment of the Public, by inſerting them.

beloved

beloved Object makes of much Conſequence to ourſelves, though they may be of little or none to others. I will give them up to you, notwithſtanding; but on Condition that you ſhall make them ſomething better than they are, by returning them cloathed in your own Language.

LETTRE

A Madame la Ducheſſe MAZARINE,

Sur la deſſein qu'elle avoit de ſe retirer dans un Couvent.

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COMMENT eſt-il poſſible que vous quittiez des gens que vous charmez et qui vous adorent, des amis

que

que vous aiment mieux qu'ils ne s'aiment eux-mêmes, pour aller chercher des inconnus qui vous deplairont, et dont vous ſerez peut-être outragée ? Songez vous, Madame, que vous vous jettez dans un Couvent, que Madame la Connetable avoit en horreur. Si elle y rentre, c'eſt qu'il y faut rentrer ou mourir ; ſa captivité preſente, toute affreuſe qu'elle eſt, lui ſemble moins dure que cet infortuné ſejour ; et pour y aller, Madame, vous voulez quitter une Cour où vous etes eſtimée, où l'affection d'un Roi doux et honnête vous traite ſi bien, ou toutes les perſonnes raiſonnables ont du reſpect et de l'amitié pour vous. Le jour le plus heureux que

vous paſſerez dans le Couvent ne vaudra pas le plus triſte que vous paſſerez dans votre maiſon.

Encore ſi vous etiez touchée d'une Grace particuliere de Dieu, qui vous attachât a ſon ſervice, on excuſeroit la dureté de votre condition, par l'ardeur de votre zele qui vous rendroit tout ſupportable : mais je ne vous trouve pas perſuadée, et il vous faut apprendre à croire celui que vous allez ſervir ſi durement. Vous trouverez toutes les peines des Religieuſes, et ne trouverez point cet Epoux qui les conſole. Tout Epoux a vous eſt odieux, et dans le couvent et dans le monde. Douter un jour de

la

la felicité de l'autre vie eſt aſſez pour deſeſperer la plus ſainte fille d'un couvent; car la Foi ſeule la fortifié, et la rend capable de ſupporter les mortifications qu'elle ſe donne. Qui ſait, Madame, ſi vous croirez un quart-d'heure ce qu'il faut qu'elle croye toujours, pour n'être pas malheureux? Qui ſait ſi l'idée d'un bonheur promis aura jamais la force de vous ſoûtenir contre les ſentimens de maux preſens.

Il n'y a rien de plus raiſonnable à des gens veritablement perſuadés que de vivre dans l'auſterité, qu'ils croyent neceſſaire pour arriver à la poſſeſſion d'un bien éternel; et rien de plus

ſage

ſage à ceux qui ne le ſont pas, que de prendre ici leurs commodités, et de goûter avec moderation tous les plaiſirs ou ils ſont ſenſibles. C'eſt la raiſon pourquoi les Philoſophes qui ont crû l'immortalité de l'ame, ont compté pour rien toutes les douceurs de ce monde; et que ceux qui n'attendoient rien après la mort, ont mis le ſouveraine bien dans la volupté. Pour vous, Madame, vous avez une philoſophie toute nouvelle. Oppoſée à Epicure, vous cherchez les peines, les mortifications, les douleurs. Contraire à Socrate, vous n'attendez aucune récompenſe de la vertu. Vous vous faites religieuſe ſans beaucoup de religion: Vous mépriſez ce monde ici, et

vous

vous ne faites pas grand cas de l'autre. A moins que vous n'en ayiez trouvé un troiſième fait pour vous, il n'y a pas moyen juſtifier votre conduite.

Il faut, Madame, il faut ſe perſuader avant que de ſe contraindre: Il ne faut pas ſouffrir ſans ſavoir pour qui l'on ſouffre. En un mot, il faut travailler ſerieuſement à connoître Dieu avant que de renoncer à ſoi-même. C'eſt au milieu de l'univers que la contemplation des merveilles de la nature vous fera connoître celui dont elle depend. La vûe du ſoleil vous fera connoître la grandeur et la magnificence de celui qui l'a formé. Cet ordre, ſi merveilleux et ſi juſte, qui

lie et entretient toutes choſes, vous donnera la connoiſſance de ſa ſageſſe. Enfin, Madame, dans ce monde que vous quittez, Dieu eſt tout ouvert, et tout expliqué à nos penſées. Il eſt ſi reſſerré dans les monaſteres, qu'il ſe cache au lieu de ſe decouvrir; ſi deguiſé par les baſſes et indignes figures qu'on lui donne, que les plus éclairés ont de la peine a le reconnoitre. Cependant une vieille ſupérieure ne vous parlera que de lui, et ne connoîtra rien moins: Elle vous commandera des ſottiſes, et une exacte obeiſſance ſuivra toujours le commandement, quelque ridicule qu'il puiſſe etre. Le Directeur ne prendra pas moins d'aſcendant ſur vous, et votre raiſon humiliée

miliée ſe verra ſoumiſe à une ignorance preſomptueuſe. La Raiſon, ce caractere ſecret, cette image de Dieu que nous portons en nos ames, vous fera paſſer pour rebelle, ſi vous ne reverez l'imbecillité de la nature humaine en ce directeur. De bonnes ſœurs trop ſimples vous degoûteront; des libertines vous donnerent du ſcandale: vous verrez les crimes du monde: Helas! vous en aurez quitté les plaiſirs.

Juſqu'ici vous avez vécu dans les grandeurs, et dans les délices; vous avez été élevée en Reine, et vous meritiez de l'être. Devenue heritiere du Miniſtre qui gouvernoit l'univers,

vous avez eu plus de bien en mariage, que toutes les Reines de l'Europe enſemble n'en ont porté aux Rois leurs epoux. Un jour vous a enlevé tous ces biens; mais votre merite vous a tenu lieu de votre fortune, et vous a fait vivre plus magnifiquement dans les pays etrangers que vous n'euſſiez vécu dans le nôtre. La curioſité, la delicateſſe, la propreté, le ſoin de votre perſonne, les commodites, les plaiſirs ne vous ont pas abandonnée; et ſi votre diſcretion vous a defendu des voluptés, vous avez cet avantage, que jamais faveurs n'ont été ſi deſirées que les votres.

Que

Que trouverez vous, Madame, ou vous allez ? Vous trouverez une defence rigoureuſe de tout ce que demande raiſonnablement la nature, de tout ce qui eſt permis a l'humanité. Une cellule, un méchant lit, un plus deteſtable repas, des habits ſales et puants remplaceront vos délices. Vous ſerez ſeule a vous ſervir, ſeule a vous plaire, au milieu de tant de choſes que vous deplairont ; et peut-être ne ſerez vous pas en état d'avoir pour vous la plus ſecrette complaiſance de l'amour propre ; peut-être que votre beauté devenue toute inutile, ne ſe decouvrira, ni à vos yeux, ni à ceux des autres.

Cependant, Madame, cette beauté ſi merveilleuſe, ce grand ornement de l'univers, ne vous a pas été donnée pour le cacher. Vous vous devez au public, à vos amis, à vous-même. Vous êtes faite pour vous plaire, pour plaire à tous, pour diſſiper la triſteſſe, inſpirer la joie, pour ranimer generalement tout ce qui languit. Quand les laides et les imbécilles ſe jettent dans les couvens, c'eſt une inſpiration divine qui leur fait quitter le monde, où elles ne paroiſſent que pour faire honte a leur Auteur. Sur votre ſujet, Madame, c'eſt une vraie tentation du Diable, lequel, envieux de la gloire de Dieu, ne peut ſouffrir l'admiration que nous donne ſon plus bel

ouvrage.

ouvrage. Vingt ans de Pſeaumes et de Cantiques chantés dans le chœur ne feront pas tant pour cette gloire, comme un ſeul jour que votre beauté ſera expoſée aux yeux des hommes. Vous montrer eſt votre veritable vocation : c'eſt le culte le plus propre que vous puiſſiez lui rendre. Si le temps a pouvoir d'effacer vos traits, comme il efface ceux des autres, s'il ruine un jour cette beauté que nous admirons, retirez vous alors ; et apres avoir accompli la volonté de celui qui a formée, allez chanter ſes louanges dans le couvent. Mais ſuivez la diſpoſition qu'il a faite de votre vie ; car ſi vous prevenez l'heure qu'il a deſtinée pour votre retraite,

vous trahirez ſes intentions, par une ſecrette complaiſance pour ſon ennemi.

Un de vos grands malheurs, Madame, ſi vous ecoutez cet ennemi, c'eſt que vous n'aurez a vous prendre de tous vos maux qu'a vous-même. Madame la Connetable rejette les ſiens ſur la violence qu'on lui fait. Elle a les cruautés d'un mari qui la force, l'injuſtice d'une cour qu'appuye ſon mari: elle a mille objets, vrais ou faux, qu'elle peut accuſer. Vous n'avez que vous, Madame, pour cauſe de votre infortune. Vous n'avez a condamner que votre erreur. Dieu vous explique ſes volontes par ma

ma bouche, et vous ne m'écoutez pas. Il ſe ſert de mes raiſons pour vous ſauver, et vous ne conſultez que vous pour vous perdre. Un jour accablée de tous les maux que je vous dépeins, vous ſongerez, mais trop tard, à celui qui a voulu les empêcher.

Peut-être êtes vous flattée de bruit que fera votre retraite, et par une vanité extravagante, vous croyez qu'il n'i a rien de plus illuſtre que de dérober au monde la plus grande beauté qu'on y vit jamais, quand les autres ne donnent à Dieu qu'une laideur naturelle, ou les ruines d'un viſage tout effacé. Mais depuis quand préferez

vous

vous l'erreur de l'opinion a la réalité des choſes ? Et qui vous a dit, apres tout, que votre reſolution ne paroitra pas auſſi folle qu'extraordinaire ? Qui vous a dit qu'on ne la prendra pas pour le retour d'une humeur errante et voyageuſe ? qu'on ne croira pas que vous voulez faire trois cens de lieues pour chercher une avanture, celeſte, ſi vous voulez, mais toujours une eſpece d'avanture ?

Je ne doute point que vous n'eſperiez trouver beaucoup de douceur dans l'entretien de Madame la Connetable ; mais, ſi je ne me trompe, cette douceur la finira bientôt. Apres avoir parlé trois ou quatre jours de la

France,

France, et de l'Italie, apres avoir parlé de la paſſion du Roi, et de la timidité de Monſieur votre oncle, et de ce que vous avez penſé etre, et de ce que vous etes devenue : apres avoir epuiſé le ſouvenir de la maiſon de Monſieur le Connetable, de votre ſortie de Rome, et du malheureux ſuccés de vos voyages, vous vous trouverez enfermée dans un couvent ; et votre captivité, dont vous commencerez a ſentir la rigueur, vous fera ſonger a la douce liberté, que vous aurez goûtée en Angleterre. Les choſes qui vous paroiſſent ennuyeuſes aujourd'hui, ſe preſenteront avec des charmes ; et ce que vous aurez quittée par degoût, reviendra

ſolli-

folliciter votre envie. Alors, Madame, alors, de quelle force d'eſprit n'aurez-vous pas beſoin, pour vous conſoler de maux préſens et des biens perdus?

Je veux que mes pénetrations ſoient fauſſes et mes conjectures mal fondées; je veux que la converſation de Madame la Connêtable ait toujours de grands agrémens pour vous: mais qui vous dira que vous en pourrez jouïr librement? Une des maximes des couvens eſt de ne ſouffrir aucune liaiſon entre des perſonnes qui ſe plaiſent, parce que l'union des particuliers eſt une eſpece de detachement des obligations contractées avec l'ordre. D'ail-

D'ailleurs, les ſoins de Monſieur le Connêtable pourront bien s'étendre juſqu'à empêcher une communication qui fait tout craindre a un homme ſoupçonneux qui a trop offenſé. Je ne parle point des caprices d'une ſuperieure, ni des ſecrettes jalouſies des religieuſes, qui voudront nuire a une perſonne, dont le mérite confondra le leur. Ainſi, Madame, vous vous ſerez faite religieuſe pour vivre avec Madame la Connêtable, et il arrivera que vous ne la verrez preſque pas. Vous ſerez, donc, ou ſeule avec vos triſtes imaginations, ou dans la foule, parmi les ſottiſes, et les erreurs, ennuyée des ſermons en langue que vous ſera peu connue, fatiguée

des

des Matins qui auront troublé votre repos, laſſée d'une habitude continuelle du chant des Vêpres, et du murmure importune de quelque Roſaire.

Quelle parti prendre, Madame? Conſervez votre raiſon: Vous vous rendrez malheureuſe ſi vous la perdez. Quelle perte de n'avoir plus ce diſcernement ſi exquis, et cette intelligence ſi rare! Avez-vous commis un ſi grand crime contre vous, que vous devez vous punir auſſi rigoureuſement que vous faites? Et quel ſujet de plainte avez vous contre vos amis, pour exercer ſur eux une ſi cruelle vengeance? Les Italiens aſſaſſinent

leurs

leurs ennemis : mais leurs amis ſe ſauvent de la juſtice ſauvage qu'ils ſe veulent faire.

Mademoiſelle de Beverweert et moi avons déja eu les coups mortels : la penſée de vos maux a fait les nôtres, et je me trouve aujourd'hui le plus miſére de tous les hommes, parceque vous allez vous rendre la plus malheureuſe des toutes les femmes. Quand je vais voir Mademoiſelle de Beverweert les Matins, nous nous regardons un quart-d'heure ſans parler ; et ce triſte ſilence eſt toujours accompagné de nos larmes. Ayez pitié de nous, Madame, ſi vous n'en avez de vous-même. On peut ſe priver des commodités de la vie pour l'amour de ſes amis :

amis ; nous vous demandons que vous vous priviez des tourmens, et nous ne ſaurions l'obtenir. Il faut que vous ayez une dureté bien naturelle, puiſque vous etes la premiere a en reſſentir les effets. Songez, Madame, ſongez ſerieuſement à ce que je vous dis : vous étes ſur le bord du precipice ; un pas en avant, vous étes perdue ; un pas en arriere, vous étes en pleine ſûreté. Vos biens et vos maux dependent de vous. Ayez la force de vouloir être heureuſe, et vous la ſerez.

Si vous quittez le monde, comme vous ſemblez vous y preparer, ma conſolation eſt que je n'y demeurerai pas long-temps. La nature, plus favorable que vous, finira bientôt ma triſte

triſte vie. Cependant, Madame, vos ordres préviendront les ſiens, quand il vous plaira; car les droits qu'elle ſe garde ſur moi ne vont qu'après ceux que je vous y a donnés. Il n'eſt point de voyage que je n'entreprenne; et ſi pour dernière rigueur, vous n'y voulez pas conſentir, je me cacherai dans un déſert, dégoûté de toute autre commerce que le votre. Là, votre idée me tiendra lieu des tous objets: là je me detacherai de moi-même, s'il eſt permis de parler ainſi, pour penſer eternellement à vous: là, j'apprendrai à tout ce monde ce qu'auront pû ſur moi, le charme de votre merite, et la force de ma douleur.

SENTIMENS *de Madame la Ducheſſe* MAZARIN, *qui ſe conſacre a Dieu.*

STANCES.

SAINTS et ſacrés ennuis, ſalutaire triſteſſe,
Dégoûts dont mon Eſprit eſt occupé ſans ceſſe,
Chaſſez les vains deſirs qui reſtent dans mon cœur ;
Eteignez dans mon ſein le ſentiment des vices ;
Eteignez l'appétit de mes fauſſes delices,
Et faites que le Ciel aujourd'hui ſoit vainqueur.

C'eſt

C'eſt pour lui deſormais que j'ai deſſein de vivre.
Vous m'attirez, Seigneur; Seigneur, il faut vous ſuivre;
Vous aurez tous mes ſoins, vous aurez mon amour:
A vos loix ſeulement je vais être aſſervie;
Et je veux bien donner le reſte de ma vie
Au Dieu dont la bonté m'a sû donner le jour.

Ce Dieu qui me forma ſi charmante et ſi belle,
A borné ſes faveurs, et me laiſſe mortelle.
Malgré tout le pouvoir qui donne à mes appas,

Le temps effacera les traits de mon visage ;
Et l'Eſprit, de ce Dieu la plus vivante image,
Echappera lui ſeul aux rigueurs de trepas.

Quelle bonheur eſt certain d'une longue durée ?
Quelle condition nous peut-être aſſurée ?
Qui peut nous garantir des injures du ſort ?
On ne poſſede rien qui ne ſoit périſſable :
Souvent le plus heureux devient ſi miſerable,
Qu'il ſemble avoir beſoin du ſecours de la mort.

J'ai

J'ai connu tous les biens qu'apporte la fortune ;
J'ai connu la grandeur, et ſa pompe importune ;
En amour, pour les Moins, j'ai connu les deſirs ;
Des fauſſes vanités j'ai fait l'experience ;
Et je connois enfin qu'une heure d'innocence
Vaut mieux qu'un ſiecle entier de frivoles plaiſirs.

Faites, faites, Seigneur, que vos ſaintes lumières
Diſſipent l'ignorance, et les erreurs groſſiéres
Dont mon eſprit confus étoit enveloppé.

Le monde eſt un trompeur ; Dieu ſeul
eſt véritable,
Je n'eſpere qu'en lui, je ne ſuis plus ca-
pable
De me laiſſer ſurprendre à ce qui m'a
trompé.

Temps ou ſe doit fixer ma longue in-
certitude,
Lieux qui devez finir ma triſte inquié-
tude,
Quand me donnerez-vous ce repos ſou-
haité ?
Je delibere encor, jour et nuit je con-
ſulte
Si je dois préférer vos douceurs au tu-
multe :
C'en eſt fait, lieux ſacrés, vous l'avez
emporté.

O vous,

O vous, Maître abſolu de la terre et de l'onde,
Vous, dont l'ordre ſecret gouverne tout le monde,
Voudrez vous bien, Seigneur, devenir mon epoux ?
Celui qu'on me donna n'eſt pas digne de l'être,
C'eſt vous ſeul aujourd'hui qui je veux reconnoître.
Mes liens ſont rompus, et je ſuis toute à vous.

Vieux et triſtes liens, cauſes de tant de larmes,
Peut-être que ſans vous le monde eut eu ſes charmes ;
Mais le monde avec vous eſt aiſément vaincu.

Je ferai desormais en quelque solitude,
D'un doux et saint repos une paisible étude,
Et compterai pour rien le temps que j'ai vécu.

Palais, meubles, habits, folle magnificence,
Jeu, repas, vains sujets de luxe et de dépense,
Je vous dis maintenant un eternel adieu :
Beaux cheveux, doux liens ou s'engageoient les ames,
Qui prenoient en mes yeux les amoureuses flâmes,
Beaux cheveux, je vous coupe, et vous consacre a DIEU.

Un voile pour jamais va couvrir mon
visage,
Et ma beauté cachée y perdra tout u-
sage
De ce charme trompeur qui sait flatter
les sens :
Un amant y perdra la sujet de sa
peine ;
Je vais perdre les noms d'*ingrate* et d'*in-*
humaine,
Et les maux qu'en secret, moi-même je
ressens.

Je vous degage, amans, des loix de mon
empire :
Pour des objets nouveaux si votre cœur
soupire :
Je ne me plaindra point d'une infidé-
lité :

J'ai-

J'aimerois mieux pourtant — que les femmes ſont vaines !
J'aimerois vous voir au ſortir des mes chaines,
Jouir paiſiblement de votre liberté.

J'aimerois mieux encor que votre ame fidèle
De ſa premiere ardeur formât un nouveau zèle,
Qui nous tiendroit unis même apres le trépas.
De ce nouvel amour ſentez l'heureuſe atteinte ;
Vous m'aimâtes profane, aimez-moi comme ſainte,
Et ſuivez mes virtus au lieu de mes appas.

Mais

Mais des adieux ſi longs aux amans que
l'on quitte,
Montrent notre foibleſſe, ou marquent
leur mérite :
C'eſt un reſte ſecret des profanes a-
mours,
Permettez, Lieux divins, quelque hu-
maine tendreſſe,
Pour ceux qui m'ont aimée, et qu'au-
jourd'hui je laiſſe,
Ils ne me verront plus, et vous m'aurez
toujours.

A Monſ.

A Monſ. de ST. EVREMOND.

SUJET, triſte ſujet, qui pleurez mon abſence,
Pourquoi me plaignez-vous, quand mon bonheur commence,
C'eſt à vous ſeulement que vous devez des pleurs ;
Je ne menerai plus cet vie incertaine
Dont vous fûtes témoin ; et finiſſant ma peine,
Je vous donne un exemple à finir vos malheurs.

La retraite à vôtre âge eſt toujours néceſſaire ;
Avec tant de beauté vous me la voyez faire,
Et vous iriez encor vous traîner dans les cours ?

Que

Que ſi la voix du Ciel de tout autre écoutée
Sur le bord de cercueil eſt par vos rejettée,
De la morale, au moins écoutez le diſcours.

Le Ciel eſt impuiſſant, et la raiſon timide
Sur vos durs ſentimens trop foiblement préſide ;
Mais vous devez encor reconnoître ma Loi :
Retirez-vous, vieillard ; c'eſt moi qui vous l'ordonne ;
Voici l'ordre dernier qu'en Reine je vous donne ;
Vieillard, quittez le monde en même-temps que moi.

ST. EVREMOND.

MA Reine me verroit a ſon ordre fidèle,
Mais la mort où je cours m'empêche d'obëir;
Il m'eſt plus aiſé de mourir
Que de vivre un moment ſans elle.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

THE moſt perfect and moſt perſuaſive Piece of Eloquence that ancient or modern Times have produced, would require a more maſterly Hand than mine to do it Juſtice in a Tranſlation. In paſſing from one Language to another, every Work ſuffers; but Works of Wit more than others. The peculiar Felicities of Expreſſion are moſt commonly incommunicable, and the Taſk of the Tranſlator is ſomewhat like that of the *Iſraelites* in *Egypt*, who were obliged

to

to make the ſame kind of Bricks with Stubble that had uſually been made with Straw: It is like that of an Architect, who is to imitate with Exactneſs his Model, and yet muſt build with different Materials, which, by means of Weight or Lightneſs, will give his Work a different Air.—I am not mentioning theſe Diſadvantages without the Expectation of Indulgence. Your Letter and Verſes will not appear in their original Beauty, but I have endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to preſerve your Ideas.

To

To the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN, *on her Deſign of retiring into a Convent.*

IS it poſſible, then, Madam, that you ſhould quit that Society, of which you are ſo juſtly the Admiration and Delight? Abandon the Friends that adore you! for whom? for Strangers, who want even the Capacity of giving you Pleaſure; for Strangers that will give you Diſguſt! Reflect, Madam, that you are about to enter upon a Life which your illuſtrious Siſter could not look upon without Horror. If ſhe retires into a Convent, it is becauſe the Alter-

native is Death. Her preſent Confinement, dreadful as it is, ſeems, in her Opinion, preferable to that wretched Retreat. But your Situation, how different! For, is it a Priſon you exchange for a Nunnery? Is it not a Court, where you are univerſally reſpected; where you enjoy the trueſt and tendereſt Affection of a Monarch, and where all the liberal and the ſenſible World receive you into their Friendſhip and Eſteem? The happieſt Day that a Convent will afford you, will not be worth the leaſt enlivened Hours you paſs at preſent.

Were it the Influence of ſome prevailing Grace that attached you wholly

to

to religious Duties, the Severities of the Life you lay before you, might find ſome Apology, in the Ardor of that Zeal, which would render them more ſupportable. But, far from the Poſſeſſion of Grace, you have not even Faith: You have yet to learn to believe in that Maſter, for whom you are about to engage in ſo painful a Service. You will experience all the Hardſhips of religious Retirement, without finding that Spouſe, by whoſe Conſolations they are alleviated. The very Name of Spouſe is odious to you, whether in a Convent or in a Court. To entertain the leaſt Shadow of Doubt concerning the Happineſs of a future Exiſtence, were ſufficient to

deſtroy the Peace of the moſt pious Siſter. It is Faith alone that ſupports her, and reconciles her to the voluntary Mortifications of her Life. But is it certain, Madam, that you ſhall believe, even for one Moment, what your Happineſs requires that you ſhould believe always? Is it certain that your Confidence of future Felicity will be ſufficient to ſupport you under the Senſe of preſent Sufferings?

For the Family of Faith, nothing can be more reaſonable, than to endure thoſe Auſterities which they believe to be neceſſary to their eternal Welfare. But, for thoſe who are of

different

different Sentiments, a different Oeconomy is neceſſary. It is *their* proper Happineſs to embrace the Conveniences of Life, and to purſue, with Moderation, thoſe Pleaſures that are adapted to their Nature. It was upon this Principle, that thoſe Philoſophers, who believed the Immortality of the Soul, depreciated the Delights of this Life; and that thoſe, who entertained no Opinion of a future Exiſtence, placed the Sovereign Good in Pleaſure. But you, Madam, have a Philoſophy of a Species altogether uncommon. Contrary to the Doctrine of *Epicurus*, the Objects of your Purſuit are Pains, and Sufferings, and Sorrows. Inconſiſtent with the Prin-

ciples of *Socrates*, you have no Belief in the Rewards of Virtue. You engage in a religious Life, without Religion. You ſet this World at naught, and yet you have no Idea of the other. It is at leaſt neceſſary that a third ſhould be created for your Purpoſe, were it but to juſtify your Conduct.

It is abſolutely neceſſary that you ſhould believe, before you engage. It is neceſſary you ſhould know for whom you ſuffer, before you enter upon your Sufferings. In ſhort, it is neceſſary to obtain a proper Knowledge of God, before you give up to him the Intereſts of your Life. It is in the viſible Creation that the Contemplation

templation of the Wonders of Nature will bring you acquainted with her ſublime Author. It is the Sight of the Sun that muſt give you an Idea of the Magnificence of Him that made it. It is that Order which is preſerved in the great Chain of Created Being, that muſt inſpire you with proper Sentiments of the aſtoniſhing Wiſdom of the Creator. It is in that World you are about to forſake, where God is to be found. It is in his Works you are to read an Account of his Being. Is he to be found in the narrow Precincts of a Monaſtery? Far from being diſcovered there, is he not concealed? — So diſguiſed by low and unworthy Images, that he is

hid even from that Intelligence he has given?

Yet ſhall you continually hear of him from ſome aged Abbeſs, who will talk to you concerning him, and know nothing of him. She will command you to do the abſurdeſt things, and her Commands muſt be implicitly obeyed. Your Confeſſor will have equally the Aſcendant over you, and your humbled Reaſon muſt ſubmit to the Tyranny of preſumptuous Ignorance. Reaſon! that hidden Character! that Image of the Deity impreſt upon the Soul, will make you conſidered in the Light of a Rebel, if you pay not the moſt abject Deference to

the

the Weakneſs of human Nature in the Perſon of that Confeſſor. The *good* Siſters will diſguſt you with their Inſipidity; the Libertines will expoſe you to Scandal. You will find yourſelf ſurrounded by the Infirmities of Life; and, alas! you will find that you have parted with its Pleaſures.

Hitherto you have lived in Luxury and in Grandeur. You have had the Education of a Queen, and you were juſtly entitled to it. The Heireſs of a Miniſter who governed the World, your Marriage Portion exceeded the united Fortunes of all the Queens in *Europe*. One fatal Day deprived you of your Poſſeſſions, but your Merit

ſupplied

ſupplied the Place of Fortune, and eſtabliſhed you in that Magnificence in a Land of Strangers, which you had hardly known in your own Country. A Love of Elegance, a natural Delicacy, a Regard for Perſonal Ornament, the Conveniences of Situation, and the Pleaſures of Life, have not forſaken you; and if your Diſcretion has preſerved you from other Indulgences, your Virtue has the greater Merit; for never were Favours more ſollicited than yours.

What is it, Madam, that you will find in a Convent? What, but a rigorous Abſtinence from every innocent Indulgence that Nature may re-

quire,

quire, or Reaſon allow? A Cell, a wretched Bed, a more wretched Diet, and the vileſt Dreſs, will take Place of the preſent Elegancies of your Life. No Servant to attend you! no Companion to entertain you! It is yourſelf alone that muſt give you Pleaſure amidſt a thouſand Objects that will give you Diſguſt. And yet it is far from certain that you will retain even this Complaiſance for yourſelf. When Captivity ſhall have deprived that Beauty of its Uſe, will the fair Poſſeſſor any longer find a Pleaſure in it?

But was, then, that wonderful Beauty, the Ornament, the Boaſt of Human

Human Nature, was it given you to be concealed? Do not you ſtand accountable for it to the World, to your Friends, to yourſelf? Formed, as you are, to diffuſe univerſal Pleaſure, to diſpel the Gloom of Melancholy, and call forth every Idea of Joy! Let the Ugly and Infirm be ſhut up in Convents. The Inſpiration that directs them thither is divine. It is the Voice of Nature, that bids them retire from that Society where they do no Honour to their Creator. But, in your Caſe, Madam, this is abſolutely a Temptation of the Devil, who, envious of the Glory of God, cannot endure that Admiration with which we behold the faireſt of his Works.

Believe

Believe me, twenty long Years of Pſalm-ſinging will not contribute ſo much to that Glory, as the expoſing your Beauties one ſingle Day to the Eyes of the admiring World. Your proper Religion is to appear in Society. It is the beſt Worſhip you can pay to your Creator. If thoſe Charms, like common Beauties, muſt ſubmit to the Devaſtations of Time, then may you retire; and after having fulfilled the Deſign of Him that made you, may you ſing his Praiſes in the Retreat of a Convent. But, follow the Scheme that his Providence has laid down for your Life; for, if you withdraw from Society, before the Time he has appointed,

you

you will fruſtrate his Intentions to gratify his Enemy.

Should you liſten, after all, to the Inſinuations of that Enemy, it will not be one of your leaſt Misfortunes, that you have none but yourſelf to charge with the Evils that fall upon you. Your illuſtrious Siſter may lay the Blame of her Sufferings on the Violence with which ſhe has been treated; on the Cruelty of a Huſband who compelled her, and on the Injuſtice of a Court, which ſupported that Huſband. She has a thouſand Cauſes, real or imaginary, on which ſhe may charge her Misfortunes. You have only one, and that one is your-

ſelf.

ſelf. You fall not by the Error, or the Injuſtice of others, but by your own. I am the Voice of the divine Intentions, and you will not hear me. Providence avails itſelf of my Reaſon to ſave you; but when your Ruin is in the Queſtion, you will conſult only yourſelf. Yet the Day will come, when, overborne by all the Evils I have deſcribed, you will think, but too late, of him who would have prevented them.

Poſſibly, you may be flattered by the Voice of public Fame and popular Curioſity, which your Retirement will undoubtedly excite. By an Extravagance of Vanity you may be induced

duced to deprive the World of the greateſt Beauty it can boaſt; while others conſign to the Retreats of Piety nothing more, than either their natural Deformity, or the Ruins of a departed Face. But, are the Errors of Opinion, then, to take Place of Truth and Nature? And who, after all, has had the Hardineſs to aſſure you, that your Reſolution will not appear as abſurd as it is extraordinary? Is it clear that the Reſolution itſelf is any thing more than a tranſient Humour? A Piece of holy Knight-Errantry? Shall we not be apt to ſay, that the Ducheſs of *Mazarin* is going Three hundred Leagues in queſt of an Adventure? Of a hea-

venly

venly one, if you pleaſe; but ſtill it is a Species of Adventure.

I doubt not that you hope for much Happineſs in the Converſation of your illuſtrious Siſter. But, if I am not miſtaken, that Happineſs will be of ſhort Continuance. After having ſpent three, or four Days, in Converſation about *France* and *Italy*; concerning the Paſſion of the King, and the Puſillanimity of your Uncle; on what you might have expected to *be*, and on what you now *are*; after having run through every Idea of the Family of *Colonna*, of your Removal from *Rome*, and the ill Succeſs of your Journies, you will find yourſelf

in the Captivity of a Convent; and that Captivity will be rendered more painful, by the Remembrance of that delightful Liberty you enjoyed in this Land of Freedom. Even thoſe things which you now behold with Indifference, will then have their Charms; and what you now abandon through Diſguſt, will then excite your Envy. What Fortitude, what Force of Mind, will be ſufficient to ſupport you?—to ſupport you under the Senſe of preſent Sufferings, and Bleſſings that are loſt.

Be it ſuppoſed, my Apprehenſions may be vain, and my Conjectures ill-founded! Be it ſuppoſed, you may

ſtill

ſtill find a Charm in the Converſation of your Siſter, that ſhall compenſate for all the Evils of your Confinement; yet is it ſure that you ſhall have free Acceſs to it? It is a Maxim in Convents to ſuffer no Connections, or Intimacies, becauſe the Union of Individuals is conſidered as a kind of Revolt from the Obligations contracted with the Order. Beſides, the Induſtry of the Prince may exert itſelf in this Reſpect, and prevent that Communication which muſt appear formidable to a ſuſpicious and injurious Huſband. I paſs over the Caprices of an Abbeſs, and the ſecret Jealouſies of the Siſterhood, ever induſtrious to oppreſs that Merit which obſcures their own. Thus,

it can only be for the Society of your Sister that you enter on the religious Life; and yet, perhaps, that Sister you will hardly ever see. Your Life, therefore, will either pass in the solitary Indulgence of your own sad Thoughts, or in a Society pregnant with Follies and Absurdities; where you will be wearied with Sermons in a Language that is unknown to you, harrassed with Matins that will disturb your Rest, sickened with the dull Chanting of the same Round of Vespers, or teased with the troublesome Murmurs of some industrious Rosary.

What is it, then, you have to do, Madam? Make a right Use of your Reason:

Reaſon: If you attend not to it, you are undone. What a Loſs! ſhould you no longer find the Uſe of that exquiſite Diſcernment, that unrivaled Senſe! What Crime have you committed that can juſtify ſo ſevere a Sentence againſt yourſelf? What Crime have your Friends committed, that they muſt feel the Effects of the ſame Severity? It is uſual for the *Italians* to aſſaſſinate their Enemies; but their Friends are free from the ſavage Juſtice and the Vengeance they aſſert.

Madam *De Beverweert* and myſelf are truly miſerable. The Senſe of your Misfortunes affects us extremely; and I am at this Moment the moſt wretch-

ed of Men, becauſe you are reſolved to make yourſelf the moſt unhappy of Women. In my Morning Viſits to Madam *De Beverweert* we ſit looking on each other in melancholy Silence, and that Silence is always accompanied with Tears. Have ſome Compaſſion for us, Madam, if you will have none for yourſelf. For the Advantage of our Friends do we not willingly deprive ourſelves of the Comforts and Conveniences of Life? Your Friends intreat you only to give up your Miſeries for their Sakes, and their Intreaties are vain.

Yet notwithſtanding this more than natural Obduracy, reflect, Madam, I intreat

intreat you, on what I have already laid before you. You are now on the Brink of a Precipice — One Step forward, and you periſh unavoidably — One Step backward, and you are in perfect Safety. Your Happineſs and Miſery are in your own Diſpoſal. Only reſolve to be happy, and you will be ſo.

However, ſhould you abandon the World, which ſeems at preſent your Intention, I have one Conſolation left, that I ſhall not ſtay long in it. Nature, more merciful than you, will ſoon put an End to my wretched Being; yet ſtill your Commands will take Place of her's; and the Right

ſhe has over me will be but ſecondary to that I have given you. I am prepared to go whenever I ſhall have my Summons; and if you, as a laſt Inſtance of your Cruelty, ſhall refuſe, I will hide myſelf in ſome ſolitary Deſert, and ſicken at the Thought of all Society but yours. Your Idea ſhall take Place of every other Object, and I will retire even from myſelf, that I may for ever think of you. Such are the Proofs I will exhibit to the World of the Power of your Charms, and the Force of my Deſpair,

The Ducheſs of MAZARIN,

on her Retiring into a Convent.

YE holy Cares that haunt theſe lonely Cells,
Theſe Scenes where ſalutary Sadneſs dwells;
Ye Sighs that minute the ſlow waſting Day,
Ye pale Regrets that wear my Life away;
O bid theſe Paſſions for the World depart,
Theſe wild Deſires, and Vanities of Heart.
Hide every Trace of Vice, of Follies paſt,
And yield to Heaven the Victory at laſt.

To that the poor Remains of Life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the Call purſue.
Lord of my Life, my future Cares are thine,
My Love, my Duty greet thy holy Shrine.

No

No more my Heart to vainer Hopes I give,
But live for Thee, whoſe Bounty bids me live.

The Power that gave theſe little Charms their Grace,
His Favours bounded, and confined their Space.
Spite of thoſe Charms ſhall Time, with rude Eſſay,
Tear from the Cheek the tranſient Roſe away.
But the free Mind, Ten-thouſand Ages paſt,
Its Maker's Form, ſhall with its Maker laſt.

Uncertain Objects ſtill our Hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the Name of Joy!
Of all that feels the Injuries of Fate
Uncertain is the Search, and ſhort the Date.

Yet

Yet even that Boon what Thouſands wiſh
to gain?
That Boon of Death, the ſad Reſource of
Pain!

Once on my Path all Fortune's Glory fell,
Her vain Magnificence, and courtly Swell:
Love touched my Soul at leaſt with ſoft De-
ſires,
And Vanity there fed her Meteor Fires.
This Truth at laſt the mighty Scenes let fall.
An Hour of Innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my Life! O, let thy ſacred Ray
Shine o'er my Heart, and break its Clouds
away!
Deluding, flattering, faithleſs World adieu!
Long haſt thou taught me, GOD IS ONLY
TRUE!
That God alone I truſt, alone adore,
No more deluded, and miſled no more.

Come,

Come, ſacred Hour, when wavering
Doubts ſhall ceaſe!
Come holy Scenes of long Repoſe and Peace!
Yet ſhall my Heart, to other Intereſts true,
A Moment balance 'twixt the World and
you?
Of penſive Nights, of long-reflecting Days,
Be yours, at laſt, the Triumph and the
Praiſe!

Great, gracious Maſter, whoſe unbounded Sway,
Felt thro' Ten-thouſand Worlds, thoſe
Worlds obey;
Wilt thou for once thy aweful Glories
ſhade,
And deign t' eſpouſe the Creature thou haſt
made?
All other Ties indignant I diſclaim,
Diſhonoured thoſe, and infamous to name!

O fatal

O fatal Ties, for which ſuch Tears I've
ſhed,
For which the Pleaſures of the World lay
dead!
That World's ſoft Pleaſures you alone
diſarm;
That World without you, ſtill might have
its Charm.
But now thoſe Scenes of tempting Hope I
cloſe,
And ſeek the peaceful Studies of Repoſe;
Look on the paſt as Time that ſtole away,
And beg the Bleſſings of a happier Day.

Ye gay Saloons, ye golden-veſted Halls,
Scenes of high Treats and heart-bewitching
Balls!
Dreſs, Figure, Splendor, Charms of Play,
farewell,
And all the Toilet's Science to excel!

Even

Even Love that ambuſhed in this beauteous Hair,
No more ſhall lie, like *Indian* Archers, there.
Go, erring Love! for nobler Objects given!
Go, beauteous Hair, a Sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon ſhall the Veil theſe glowing Features hide,
At once the Period of their Power and Pride!
The hapleſs Lover ſhall no more complain
Of Vows unheard, or unrewarded Pain;
While calmly ſleep in each untortured Breaſt
My ſecret Sorrow, and his Sighs profeſt.

Go, flattering Train! and, Slaves to me no more,
With the ſame Sighs ſome happier Fair adore!
Your altered Faith, I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet, (what Woman is not frail?)

Yet

Yet, haply, might I calmer Minutes prove,
If he that loved me knew no other Love!

Yet were that Ardour, which his Breaſt inſpired,
By Charms of more than mortal Beauty fired;
What nobler Pride! could I to Heaven reſign
The Zeal, the Service that I boaſted mine!
O, change your falſe Deſires, ye flattering Train!
And love me pious, whom ye loved profane!

Theſe long Adieus with Lovers doomed to go,
Or prove their Merit, or my Weakneſs ſhew,
But Heaven, to ſuch ſoft Frailties leſs ſevere,
May ſpare the Tribute of a female Tear,

May

May yield one tender Moment to deplore
Thoſe gentle Hearts that I muſt hold no more.

To M. De St. Evremond.

SHALT thou, ſad Servant of my darker Days,
Bewail that Fortune fairer Hours diſplays?
Go, Witneſs of the wandering Life I led,
And ceaſe thoſe Tears, for Thee more juſtly ſhed.
See the long Series of my Sufferings o'er!
Avoid the Storm, purſue, partake the Shore.

Declining Years ſhould ſtill in Silence cloſe,
And hide their human Weakneſs in Repoſe.

Shall

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Shall I in Life's, in Beauty's Bloom retire?
Grown old in Courts ſhall EVREMOND expire?
Far from thoſe Courts, tho' every Call divine!
Yet, Reaſon, Senſe and Fortitude are thine.

Are theſe unheard? In Habit's powerful Reign
Does Reaſon wield her little Arms in vain?
Yet ſhalt thou yield to my ſuperior Sway:
Thy Queen commands thee; EVREMOND, obey.
Sick of the World, ſhe quits the painful Scene,
And calls Thee thence, if yet ſhe calls, thy Queen.

Mr. DE ST. EVREMOND.

O, ſtill my Sovereign, whoſe unrivaled Sway,
'Tis yet my Pride, my Pleaſure to obey.
I come—I fly—No!—Death that Duty ends,
Deprived of Thee, the laſt, the beſt of Friends!

LET-

LETTER XIV.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

THERE are two Setts of Men againſt whom a Writer of any other Country than their own ſtands but an ill Chance of preſerving his Reputation. Theſe are *Dutch* Authors and *Dutch* Bookſellers. They divide you, Body and Soul, between them. The former ſteal your Works: the latter your Name. The Authors publiſh your Writings as their own Productions: The Bookſellers publiſh the Productions of others as yours.

They treat you like the Pirates of *Algiers*. You no ſooner fall into their Hands, than they ſtrip you naked, and ſet you to hard Labour. I ſpeak of their Cruelty by Experience. An honeſt Bookſeller of *Rotterdam* has not only publiſhed ſeveral of my Pieces in the Names of his Day-labouring Authors, but has ſet me to work on Subjects, of which I am at leaſt as ignorant as the People that wrote in my Name. He has made me Author of a Treatiſe on the Longitude, though there are not above two Stars in the Sky that I know by Name. I ſtand on the Title-Page of Chemical Aphoriſms, though I do not know an Alembic

lembic from a Dark-lantern. I am Author of a Treatiſe againſt the *Antinomians*, of whom I know as much as I do of the Antediluvians: But what is moſt provoking, he has introduced me in the Character of Field-Marſhal of *France*, and has made me write a Narrative of a Battle, in which I was forced to run away.

This is certainly worſe Treatment than that which made *Diagoras* turn Atheiſt. We are told, that when a Plagiary had ſtolen and fathered his Book, he would no longer believe there were any Gods, becauſe they did not puniſh the Thief with a Thunderbolt. For my own Part, I do not find that

the Impunity of theſe Caitiffs has made any Alteration in my Faith. All I am afraid of is, that the Devil has too much Senſe to let Bookſellers come into his Dominions; for as he has the Character of a Genius, it would not be long before they gave him the Fool's Cap of an Author.

I am very confident that my honeſt Friend at *Rotterdam*, were he to carry on Trade in his Kingdoms, would have no manner of Scruple to make him Author of a Treatiſe on Original Sin. This Publication would ſoon be followed by a Diſſertation on the medical Effects of Brimſtone, *Auctore Sereniſſimo Diabolo, M. D.* or a Nar-

a Narrative of the Battle between himſelf and *Michael*, in which, like the poor Marſhal *De St. Evremond*, he was put to the Rout.

LETTER XV.

WALLER *to* ST. EVREMOND.

I HAVE often thought that there is a great Similarity of Genius between *Ovid* and our Mr. *Cowley*. They have the ſame Fondneſs for pointed Expreſſion, and minute Painting. Their Enthuſiaſm and their Fancy, and their Turn of Verſe, which is ſometimes eaſy, clean, and natural, and ſometimes quaint, have all of them the greateſt Reſemblance of each other. And, what is no leſs obſervable, their Diſpoſitions and Tempers are, in many Inſtances, alike. Mr. *Cowley*'s *Complaint* has the very ſame Spirit and

Features

Features with *Ovid*'s melancholy *Elegies* written during his Exile; and I am afraid, too, that it will have no better Effect.

It always gives me Pleaſure to obſerve the Coincidence of Genius, and Taſte. For this Purpoſe, when I have the Favour of Mr. *Cowley*'s Company, I very often take up *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*, and read ſuch Paſſages to him as I think will ſtrike him moſt. What he principally admires in the Story of the Rape of *Proſerpine*, was her Grief for the Loſs of the Flowers ſhe had gathered.

Collecti flores, tunicis cecidere remiſſis.
Tantaque ſimplicitas pueriliſque adfuit annis;

Hæc

Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.

Had he written on the ſame Subject, I verily believe that he would have had the ſame Thought.

In reading the Story of *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, we both concluded that there muſt be ſomething wrong in the following Paſſage:

Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure coiſſent,
Sed vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare.
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.

Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare, is certainly Nonſenſe. Yet ſo it ſtands in all the Editions I have met with,

with, undiſturbed by Commentators, who paſs it over in *ſacro ſilentio*. Nothing, however, is more eaſy than to remove the Error, which lies only in the Punctuation. Let the Paſſage ſtand thus, and it is reſtored to Senſe.

—— Tædæ quoque jure coiſſent,
Sed vetuere patres. Quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.

There is, if I am not miſtaken, another Error in the ſame Story.

Conſcius omnes *abeſt*; nutu ſigniſque loquuntur.

If every Spy is at a Diſtance, why ſhould they have Recourſe to Nods and Signs, to convey their Sentiments?

ments? That could only be neceſſary, admitting the Caſe to be quite otherwiſe. Suppoſe then we read

Conſcius omnis *adeſt*; nutu ſigniſque loquuntur.

This Alteration is by no means violent, and it at once brings the Paſſage to Senſe and Conſiſtency. However, I am not ſo handy as to ſay, *Sic lege meo periculo*. I only offer this to you by way of Conjecture; but the firſt, I am ſatisfied, muſt be right.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

IT is ſaid of the Mouſe of *Armenia*, that, ſuch is her Paſſion for Cleanlineſs, ſhe will ſooner die than come out of her Hole, if the Mouth of it is by any means made dirty. I own I have often admired the Decency of this good Mouſe, though I deſpair of imitating it. The Love of Purity is one of the natural Virtues, and it grieves me to think how ſtrangely I have degenerated from it. Ever ſince I quitted my Marſhal's Batoon, I have had, as you lately told me, the leaſt Attachment to this Virtue of any Man living.

living. When I went from *France*, I left their Neatneſs to the Men, and took with me the Slovenlineſs of the Women. This Diſpoſition was abundantly encouraged by a long Reſidence in *Holland*; for the People of that Country, like your *Engliſh* Hogs, keep their Sleeping-places neat, but their Perſons dirty. A daily and familiar Intercourſe with Dogs and Cats, of which I have always a numerous Family, completes the reſt. This is a Commerce which no Conſideration whatever could induce me to part with. It gives me as much Conſequence as belongs to the Man who has a large Family to provide for, or a Province under his Care. It is a conſtant

conſtant Exerciſe to my Benevolence, which a Man, who, like me, is without ſocial Connections, muſt always be in Danger of loſing. Without any Servant of my own Species, I live with the Magnificence of a Prince, who has a large Retinue; and, what no Prince in the World can ſafely aſſert, I am convinced that my Domeſtics are unexceptionably faithful. I amuſe myſelf by preſerving a good Underſtanding, and maintaining the Balance of Power between the two Species of Animals that attend me. They know their reſpective Provinces, and make no Encroachments on each other. My Cats have the Territory of

of the Shoulders, my Dogs of the Lap.

I love to keep up the Dignity of Anceſtry, and I dine, as I ſuppoſe, in the ſame Style and Manner with my firſt Parent, before his Expulſion from Paradiſe. I have ſeen a Painting of *Tintoret*'s, repreſenting him at Dinner, ſurrounded by a Variety of his Fellow Creatures; to ſuch of which as were capable of partaking with him, he was diſtributing his Bounty. In this reſpect I find another Satisfaction in the Society I ſpeak of. I gratify myſelf by diſtinguiſhing and rewarding Merit. Modeſty goes a great way with me; and the Animal that is leaſt importunate

portunate is always fed the firſt. You will hardly believe what an Effect this has had upon the Teaſers. Obſerving the Rewards of Diſtance and Modeſty, they have totally changed their Conduct. I took the Liberty of mentioning this to the King. — "My Dogs, (ſaid he) *St. Evremond*, are more incorrigible than yours: They will never give over teaſing, till they get the Bone."

LETTER XVII.

ST. EVREMOND *to* WALLER.

BEFORE the infamous and diſgraceful Peace of the *Pyrenées*, a political Writer of conſiderable Name in *France*, propoſed, upon the Neceſſity of military Reinforcements, that the Eccleſiaſtics ſhould be called to the Diſcipline of Arms; — that the Monaſteries, like ſo many Graves at the General Reſurrection, ſhould give up their Dead; — and that a Sett of Men, who were a Burthen to Society and to themſelves, ſhould be made Uſe of in the Preſervation of Civil Property. The Cardinal Premier was

ſo

ſo enraged at this Propoſal, that had not the Author made a ſeaſonable Viſit to another Country, he would ſoon have become as uſeleſs a Subject to *France*, as thoſe whoſe Confinement was voluntary.

Nevertheleſs there was ſomething very reaſonable in what he advanced; and it is really aſtoniſhing, that in a Country, diſtinguiſhed for the Cultivation of Civil and Political Knowledge, there ſhould be the leaſt Remains of any Inſtitution ſo abſurd as that of cutting off a Number of Men from the Service of their Fellow-Creatures for the Glory of God. Certainly the beſt and moſt acceptable

Services we are capable of rendering to the Creator of the Univerſe, muſt be thoſe that ariſe from the Diſcharge of the Social Duties: And it has often been Matter of ſerious Amazement to me, how Eccleſiaſtics came by the Idea, that they ſhould do the greateſt Honour to God by renouncing all Intercourſe with his Works.

But I ſuppoſe there might be Reaſons of private Indulgence, ſecret Intrigue, and uninſpected Growth of Power. Theſe Neſts of holy Loungers the Church muſt have conſidered as a *Corps de Reſerve*, that would be ready to defend that Power which ſupported

ported them in Indolence, in Caſe of unforeſeen or dangerous Invaſions. It is plain that your *Henry* the Eighth looked upon them in this Light, when he had the good Senſe and the good Policy to extirpate them from his Dominions.

Chriſtianity, with reſpect to the Support of ſuch Inſtitutions as theſe, is a Syſtem more burthenſome and leſs ſerviceable than *Mahometiſm*, or even *Druidiſm*. The *Druid* would retire to his Groves for the Exerciſe of his ſuperſtitious Devotion; but if his Country were attacked by an Enemy, he failed not to be in the Front of Battle.

In

In Proportion to the Progreſs of Philoſophy and the Advancement of moral Knowledge, it might have been expected, that the Idea of rendering the Body of Eccleſiaſtics uſeful to Society, ſhould have been more effectually attended to. But, perhaps, there never was a Time, when they were leſs ſerviceable than at preſent.

When your *Richard* the Firſt was at War with *France*, he found a formidable Enemy in *Philip*, Biſhop of *Beau-vieu*, who annoyed his Coaſts with diſtinguiſhed Valour and Intrepidity. The Biſhop, however, was at length taken by *Richard* in a Skirmiſh. The Pope demanded his Diſmiſſion

miſſion as an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon, and bade the King reverence his Son's Coat. *Richard* immediately ſent the Biſhop's Coat of Mail to the Pope, with theſe Words engraven upon it: "See whether this be thy Son's Coat, "or not."

END *of the* SECOND VOLUME.

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